

hearts at brick walls

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by [ToriCeratops](#)

Summary

Finding a potential mate is supposed to be a bright and joyous occasion.

But Evan Buckley can never seem to do anything the right way. Who would want him for a mate, anyway?

And Bobby... well, Bobby had that once. He knows he doesn't deserve it again.

Notes

Please, *please*, ***please*** heed the tags.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Once upon a time, in the era of kings and queens, True Mates were considered a magical and rare occurrence. With marriage prospects thinner than the soil on a neglectful lord's farm plots, it was indeed a special occasion when an Alpha and Omega (or the rare Alpha and Beta pair) found their soulmate. There are records, kept secret from their subjects, of course, of royals and nobles having many *different* soul mates. It was a mark of their privilege and a sign they were truly destined to be better than those they ruled. Because their lives were richer not only in wealth, but in love and sex alike. This myth prevailed for centuries, and while it was less taken as read by then, the free love and open heart decade of the nineteen-sixties was its death knell. By 1970 the world at large knew, unequivocally, that there was never just *one* person out there for every soul. It was all about compatibility, potential, the capacity for two souls to bond so thoroughly they truly became one. Since that time many have studied the myths of the Bond and its place in our world.

Yet no one has determined, empirically, how it occurs. What exactly happens when the connection is made, and two souls are irrevocably combined? And what *makes* two people compatible? Is it science? A chemical reaction similar to the way pheromones affect our attraction to others?

Or is it, quite simply, the last bit of true magic in this otherwise cold, unforgiving world?

- *Forward to "A Study in Dynamics" by Dean W. Hale PhD 2005*

Buck was not expecting this.

He was not expecting the teeth, or the bruising grip. He was not expecting to be cornered but far from threatened. He was certainly not expecting the way a growl, low and deep, rumbling through the other man's chest affects him, makes his cock twitch and his hole spasm around nothing, achingly empty.

And he sure as hell wasn't expecting this confrontation to become so... non-confrontational.

But to be fair, maybe he wouldn't have pushed *so hard* if he had known Bobby was an Alpha.

Okay, that's a dirty rotten lie.

Still.

In the LAFD and LAPD Alphas and Omegas are allowed, welcomed, and encouraged to work together. Equality, equity, and non-discrimination. It's a new era in regards to right and liberties yadda yadda yadda. However, that means that scent patches are to be worn during

working hours. It doesn't prevent all incidents, but it helps keep instincts at bay for small infractions and people safe from immediate assumptions and hang-ups.

It is also supposed to prevent things like this.

Buck whimpers when Bobby kisses him again, hard and bruising, teeth clashing, biting.

Buck vaguely thinks about how *maybe* he should have kept his scent blocker patch on before storming into his Captain's apartment to finish the argument they'd had that morning.

Maybe he shouldn't have stormed into his Captain's apartment at all.

Bobby rolls his hips in a way that Buck can feel the thick, generous length of his Alpha cock against his own.

He cants his hips, drags one leg up the side of Bobby's to curl it around his hips, pull him in tighter. His hands are twisted into Bobby's shirt, desperate to feel the heat of the Alpha's skin against his own. Bobby isn't having it. Not any of it.

The Alpha groans, then pulls out of the kiss.

For a split second, as they stare into each other's eyes - hot, desperate, confused, and aching - Buck thinks this could be it. He's going to stop. Pull away.

They *should* stop.

And they both know it.

"*Bobby...*" Buck breathes out heavily, lips ghosting against Bobby's.

Bobby inhales.

His eyes go wild and then all Buck knows is Bobby.

With a quick movement he doesn't see coming, Bobby grips him by the hips and turns him, pressing him hard against the wall. His next movement has Buck's body singing for him, feeling the way even through multiple layers of clothes Bobby's cock drags against his ass. Heat surges through his skin, slick making a mess of everything. Every nerve is on fire and all he wants is more. Bobby's hands slide down Buck's sides, around to pull his pants open just enough, enough he can tug, pull them down, slip his fingers down to Buck's hole that is more than ready, waiting for him.

"Tell me to stop," he groans against Buck's neck.

Buck just shakes his head, curls his hips, and accepts Bobby's fingers like he was made for them. "Never. Never. Don't fucking stop. Bobby, please."

Bobby fucks two fingers in as deep as they'll go, curling and stretching and making Buck's body sing. "You can't keep doing this, Buck," he mouths at Buck's neck, bites at his ear,

kisses his temple. “Keep going off half cocked and expecting it to work out right in the end...” despite his words, Bobby doesn’t exactly seem keen on *punishing* him for anything.

“Working out pretty well for me right now,” he says, cocky and with a smirk that’s instantly wiped away by Bobby curling his fingers just right and sending a powerful spark of electric pleasure through Buck’s spine. It curls his toes and shocks a shout from his parted and dry lips, makes him *gush* around the Alpha’s fingers.

Bobby works him like that for a moment, chest pressed against Buck’s back, fingers buried in his hole, keeping him trembling and on the edge, on his toes, ready to come but needing more.

Then he’s gone.

Before Buck can protest he hears the fumble of a belt, a soft curse, and the distinct sound of a zipper being yanked open.

Bobby’s hand is back a split second later, and *everything* changes.

Because Bobby holds him by the nape of his neck, firm fingers curled around him, thumb pressed just at his pulse point.

Suddenly Buck’s body is screaming at him to submit, to give Bobby anything and everything he wants. To hand himself over and give control of his very soul to the man behind him.

The urge to tilt his head over and just be taken more than just physically is so potent he doesn’t register the *other* change for a second.

But then Bobby is sinking into him, pressing past the tight rim of muscle. It makes them both groan, Bobby’s lips right against Buck’s ear, breath hot and wet against his skin.

“You’re going to make me a promise,” Bobby warns him.

“Yeah?” Buck tries to smirk, tries to be his usual cheeky self, but it’s a fight with the voice screaming at him to simply say ‘*yes, Alpha, anything for you, Alpha....*’

The hand at the back of Buck’s neck squeezes just a touch tighter, a touch more firm. It’s joined by Bobby’s other hand at his hip, holding him still, putting buck exactly where Bobby wants.

“Yeah,” he says, fucking into Buck slowly, shallow. He never bottoms out and moves with deliberate intention to drag out every sensation that has Buck whimpering with every inch of friction and heat. “You are.”

“Come on, Bobby,” he whines, still struggling though it’s a weak attempt, barely able to bypass the instincts squirming beneath his skin. “This has got to be as much torture for you as it is for me. Please, just fuck me.”

“Oh, I will.” To prove his point he gives a few, quick, deep snaps of his hips that make Buck cry out in pleasure, knuckles going white where his hand is pressed flat against the wall.

“But you’re not going to come until you make me a promise.”

Anything. His heart screams.

“Somehow, I doubt that will be binding,” he breathes out between gasps of air instead.

“It will be,” Bobby snaps his hips again. Again. Again. Buck is seeing stars. Can’t breathe. “If you ever want this again.”

Something lava hot is building in Buck’s gut, a feeling, a sensation, he’s never felt before in his entire life. One that somewhere in his heart, he knows. It feels like more than just heat, but like his soul is reaching out, recognizing, finally, the concept of *home*.

“Fuck, yes. Bobby. Bobby, please....”

Bobby moves the hand at the side of Buck’s hip down the chiseled V that leads to his cock where it is trapped and leaking between his body and the wall. He wraps his fingers loosely and gives a few teasing tugs. “No more needlessly, *recklessly*, endangering your own life.”

“ *Bobby...* ” Buck’s whine is desperate and high pitched as the Alpha’s fingers abruptly stop stroking and *squeeze* just at the base of his dick. Buck is so close, right there on the edge, and he can’t quite push himself over. He has no leverage, no way to fuck into those tight fingers as he is pressed so firmly between the Alpha and the wall.

And then Bobby moves his hips harder.

Faster.

He bends his knees and tilts his body to change the angle.

Buck can’t do anything but cry out and beg, trying and failing to push back against him.

A moment later it becomes impossibly worse, the feeling inside his gut expanding to every nerve, every inch of Buck’s skin and he thinks he may die from just how overwhelming it is when Bobby’s cock begins to thicken and grow at the base. Buck gasps, claws at the wall and pushes back all at once, shocked but needing everything.

“Bobby... Bobby is that...” he tries to breathe, tries to focus.

All Bobby can seem to do is nod, forehead dragging against Buck’s temple, mouth hanging open as he too tries to catch his breath.

Because *that* is his knot, and suddenly all Buck can think about is being knotted, tied, claimed, mated by the man pounding into him. “Bobby, yes, please. I promise....” He’s begging, tilting his head even further to the side and finally giving in, “Knot me. Fill me up... God please...” submitting fully for the first time in his life. Bobby isn’t stopping, he keeps pushing Buck further, pushing the connection. Every touch, every movement they make together twists and curls until Buck can feel him more than physically - feel that first initial spark of *understanding*.

“Cap...” Buck feels teeth drag across his pulse point, and his heart nearly stops.

“Bobby..” Bobby bites down slowly, a growl that trembles through the both of them.

“ *Alpha....* ”

Bobby’s knot pops through a final time and Buck can *feel* the rush of come, the way he’s filled and completed and pumped full over and over. Even though Bobby’s fingers are still wrapped tight and there’s no friction on his own cock, Buck comes with a long, drawn out and violently shaken shout. Pulse after pulse of white streaks across Bobby’s wall, shocks of pleasure cascading through his spine when Bobby never really stops moving, just keeps fucking nice and deep as he fills him to the brim.

But halfway through his orgasm, something registers at not right, not finished.

His comedown is slow, high on the endorphins of sex, on the idea that he’s really *really* not supposed to be here right now. That this is wrong while also... that he feels amazing full of Bobby’s knot and come that doesn’t seem to be stopping any time soon.

That this feels good.

More than that, it feels *almost right* for the first time in his life.

But it’s not *quite* right. Something is missing. Something wasn’t finished. Wasn’t completed.

And he feels bereft. Adrift.

Bobby never broke the skin.

He bit, and bruised, and marked but didn’t *claim*.

Didn’t bond.

He had always thought that finding a compatible mate would be like a lightning strike. That the first time he was knotted would not just be with someone he cared about, but who wanted him as much as he wanted them. And he may not have known what he and Bobby could be, but he feels it now, deep in his bones - in his soul.

Buck *knows* it’s right.

So why didn’t Bobby complete the connection. Why did he pull Buck right to the *edge* of a bond and make it so clear, so potent, that Buck could feel it start to form - despite having no clue what to expect from the experience.

Why wasn’t he good enough for the Alpha?

Why did he stop?

"Bobby?" He despairs at the way his voice sounds, hurt and lost. He hopes the Alpha doesn't notice.

Bobby places a small, trembling kiss just below Buck's ear and rubs a small circle with his thumb at his hip. "Buck, I'm so sorry." His breath is hot, sweet against Buck's skin.

"This never should have happened."

Twenty plus years Buck had been *waiting* for this moment, expected discovering a mate to be a blissful, life altering experience.

Not this... crushing weight on his heart and shattering emptiness in his soul.

And now he's stuck, between a come covered wall and an Alpha who apparently doesn't actually want him.

He's suffocating.

Bobby trembles behind him. And as much as his initial reaction is empathy, and a desire to reach out and soothe whatever seems to be wrong, the hurt is too raw and overpowering.

" *Buck...* This never should have happened," he repeats quietly, sounding as devastated as Buck feels in this moment. "I'm so sor-"

"Shut up," Buck bites out between clenched teeth, barely managing to keep tears from falling. "I don't want to fucking hear it."

Bobby rests his head against the wall and sighs, unconsciously reaching his hand down to curl around Buck's hip. "I'm your captain, and I shouldn't have done this."

"You're so full of it." Buck is shaking with anger, and regret, and *hurt*. "You could be so much more. We could. As evidenced by the fact that neither of us can escape this conversation right now." A wash of hot *shame* overcomes Buck, a feeling he hasn't experienced in *years* and he fucking hates it.

He despises Bobby for making him feel it.

"Buck.." Bobby strokes his hip, drags his hand higher and soothes Buck with a slow, steady movement. "There's so much more to mates, to a bond, than a... a random chance of compatibility."

It takes everything Buck has not to yank himself away, to struggle against the knot and the tie. He's had... a lot of partners. When he lost his virginity at 15 he'd been looking for the magic of that pull, that tug towards someone whose soul was shaped just right, and maybe not made just for him, but just right enough. By the time he'd crossed 100 partners around his 24th birthday he'd stopped counting and stopped hoping. He knows there's nothing like random fucking chance going on here.

"Can you just... drop it. Please. " Buck begs.

They both fall silent, and whether due to a dramatically low level of actual compatibility - or something different that Buck has no amount of mental capacity to even theorize, Bobby's knot deflates faster than he's aware is physically possible.

They only sit in silence for a few minutes more. But the moment Bobby can pull free without hurting Buck he does.

In the blink of an eye, Buck is dressed again. There are tears streaming down his face now, streaking across his cheeks and like fucking hell he's going to let Bobby see that.

So he doesn't look back.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

Because they have a shift. And they still have to work together.

"Buck... please don't-"

"Don't worry, Cap." Buck pauses with his hand on the knob and takes a deep, shaken breath. "I won't say anything to anyone."

And then he's gone.

He never sees the look of devastation on Bobby's face.

He never sees the lost, emptiness in his eyes, the confusion.

He never sees Bobby, still half dressed and indecent, slide to the floor in a state of shock, disbelief, and abject hatred for himself.

He never sees the way Bobby begins to sob, or the way he doesn't stop until he has no more tears left to give.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I didn't feel like waiting til tomorrow to post.

The next morning, Bobby does something he hasn't done since he became Captain of the 118.

He takes a sick day.

It is not a lie or even stretching the truth. In the state he is in, there is no way he could do his job. People could get hurt. People could die. He is unfocused and adrift and it is entirely his own fault.

Despite his bone deep exhaustion, he hasn't slept.

Every time he closes his eyes he sees Buck. Tastes his kiss. Feels the smooth glide of his skin beneath his finger tips. Hears his breathless moans, the way he had said Bobby's name so fucking sweetly.

The painful tug of an uncompleted bond never fades, whether his eyes are open or shut. Doesn't matter.

What little he has left of his heart has been stretched thin and is ready to snap any second. He doubts he will survive it.

Can't muster up the claim to want to.

On the second night, sleep drags him under kicking and screaming, clawing to get out, to escape the memories.

Because this is the mind space of someone in the throes of a possible, uncompleted bond, of a connection so strong yet so thoroughly incomplete it is all he can conjure and think about.

The memories of those fleeting moments, of everything he had wanted to say to Buck, all the words and promises he had to bite back over and over - they haunt him. And when he sleeps, he doesn't hold back. His hand doesn't stop at Bucks hips, but roams every inch of his bare skin. He maps the gentle rise and fall of well honed muscles with his lips. Tastes sweet kiss after sweet kiss. Brings Buck off over and over, fills him until he couldn't possibly take any more. Tells him every word, every promise, he had been aching to let go of.

In those dreams, those nightmares, he is *happy* .

Fulfilled again.

And in the morning he wakes, head pillowed in pools of his own anguished tears.

But eventually he manages to get out of bed, clean himself up, and get back to work. It's painful, and every step is a struggle. Yet he pushes forward and does his job. And he focuses, does it well. Every call is the only thing on his mind, the only thoughts of what needs to be done next, how to save the people they are responsible for and keep his own team safe, too.

Day after day. Focus on the job.

It's easy to ignore Buck.

Because Buck is doing everything he possibly can to ignore *him*.

When they are on a call Buck barely speaks to anyone, let alone Bobby. He does his job and he does it as well as always, eager to help, to save, to put his own life in danger for the sake of others. He's just... quieter. On the rare occasion he does make eye contact with Bobby it's fleeting and ice cold.

And when they *aren't* out on a call, he's all but absent from any part of the house Bobby might be in.

For the most part Bobby avoids the communal areas so that he can give the kid space. He sticks to his office, only coming out for calls or to cook - because despite doing what he needs to in order to avoid Buck, he can't make it too obvious something is wrong. And not cooking at meal times when he's at the station would instantly be a red flag for his entire crew.

Once, he walks into the showers while Buck is stepping out of one of the stalls, dripping wet, hair clinging to his head with the barest hint of a curl just at the tips. He's not looking up, thank God, and doesn't seem to notice Bobby. Bobby's whose mouth has gone dry and breath has left him, still and aching. The urge to *help* him dry off - preferably with his tongue - is so strong and the image of it so crystal clear in his mind that he has to turn on his heel instantly and drag himself back to his office.

There, he shuts himself inside and doesn't come out until their shift is over - skipping team dinner for the first time ever.

Two days later, he does everything he can to comfort Buck on losing his first person without actually dragging the Omega into his arms and just holding him tight.

At four a.m though, there's a soft knock on his door.

"Bobby?"

Buck's voice is hoarse, broken, as he calls out quietly from the hall of Bobby's apartment building.

But Bobby hears him loud and clear, could pick out his *whisper* across a crowded room with the music on full blast. As he reaches for the dead bolt he hears an even softer, "Please be awake."

He can't get the door open fast enough.

"I know you don't want me," Buck speaks the second Bobby yanks on the door. He's disheveled, bags under his tear filled eyes, streaks down his red and rugged cheeks. His clothes are all rumpled and his bottom lip trembles.

"Buck, I-" he tries, so hard, to tell him the truth. That he does want him, but Buck doesn't stop.

"But my heart is screaming out for you, for my Alpha." He steps into the apartment and into Bobby's space. From one heartbeat to the next the empty, aching wide open hole in Bobby's heart feels less gaping, its rough edges smoothed just by the presence of the younger man, by the sweet scent of Buck in his space and in his lungs. "I need you. Please don't make me be alone right now."

Before he knows what he's doing Bobby has Buck in his arms, one hand curled around the nape of the younger man's neck, holding him close, kissing him deeply.

And Buck kisses him back like a drowning man gasping for air.

Honestly, Bobby doesn't feel much different.

His lips are dry and chapped, and yet it still is the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth right now. The way they move together is instantly in sync, Buck stepping in and Bobby stepping back so they can close the door without parting even for a moment.

Buck is pushy, needy, and this time Bobby lets him. He lets him take charge, take what he needs - what he wants.

To an extent.

For a long time they lose themselves to just the kiss, to the feel of one another in their arms. Bobby melts into the comfort of *Buck* and how his sweet scent fills his lungs, how he tastes on his tongue.

But there has to be a line. He's crossed so many already, and had thought they'd re-established them.

As it turns out, those lines were only drawn in the sand, and Buck's presence is stronger than the Santa Ana winds.

Buck breaks the kiss first, turns his head and exposes his neck which Bobby immediately buries his face against, inhaling deeply. There's the ever present hint of sweetness to him, but here, Buck smells of the sand and salt of the sea. Of the kind of air that leaves your hair wild and windswept but your heart at ease.

Bobby's cock pulses and thickens, growing harder with every deep inhale, every kiss to Buck's skin. Buck presses himself more firmly against Bobby and they're both in thin pants, both clearly affected by the other and heating up every moment they are still touching.

When Buck's hands tug at the hem of Bobby's thin, threadbare t-shirt Bobby grips the omega by the hips, and doesn't stop kissing his neck as he mumbles, "We can't do this again."

"Please, Bobby, I need you."

He's a little more clear headed this time.

There's still that need, that aching desire. But there's no adrenaline from a fight, from a shouting match that's gone on too long and a slow build of sexual tension that neither had realized had become fully pressurized.

Bobby doesn't *stop* Buck, doesn't back away, doesn't keep his hands still....

"Buck... at least tell me you're on birth control..." It's a little too late for their last fiasco but despite the fact that he shouldn't be able to get anyone pregnant any more Bobby *can't* play with his chances. Not any more. Not the man he is now.

And he needs to make sure Buck's not that much of an idiot.

Buck gives him a slow smirk, hands still creeping up Bobby's chest. "You think I would have let you fuck me last time if I wasn't?"

There is not a doubt in his mind that he absolutely *would* have and begged for more. Neither of them had even considered the consequences in the moment. But now he is, he has, and he still *aches* for Buck.

Warm hands press flat against Bobby's chest, sliding up and to his shoulders. With a quick tug Bobby is shirtless, the cool night air a stark contrast to the heat between the two of them.

"Buck.." Bobby kisses him again, holds him close. He gets a hand down the firm curve of Buck's ass and tugs, gently. It makes the younger man moan into their kiss and Bobby all the harder. "I don't..."

"Please..." Buck flattens his entire body against Bobby's, kisses along the line of his jaw, nips at his pulse point, begs, desperate, lips just brushing his ear. "Please, Alpha. Just help me forget for a while."

Just like that, Bobby realizes he will never be able to say no to Evan Buckley.

Not like this.

Bobby gives in, grinding their bodies together sending sparks of pleasure through his spine that ignites into a flame almost instantly. They're quick with Buck's shirt and then for the first time, they're skin to skin, chest to bare chest. The heat radiating between them grows exponentially with every kiss and touch. Buck is greedy with his kisses, hands burning in his intensity to touch every inch of Bobby he can reach.

And the *sounds* he makes as Bobby starts to tease him through the soft fabric of his pants. He wraps his fingers around Buck's cock and gives a slow, meaningful stroke.

Despite the speed at which Buck moves, how intense and determined he is, Bobby *is* still in control here. They will go at his pace, and he makes a point of that in the way he teases him. When he's decides Buck has had enough of the heavy petting, he slips his hand beneath the waistband of Buck's pants, but strokes down his thigh, teases in the short, soft curls at the base of his cock... guides his legs a little apart and can't help but feel the rush of accomplishment that they're trembling as he does so.

With Buck clinging to his shoulders Bobby finds the wetness between Buck's legs, soaking and slick, brushes the ghost of a touch across his fluttering hole that makes Buck drop his head back and let out a wanton, filthy moan.

But as tempting as the sight is, as much as he wants to bury himself there, and drag that sound from Buck's lips over and over it's not Bobby's goal.

Not yet.

For now, he uses the slick to coat his fingers, drags them back up the soft flesh of Buck's sack and begins slow, firm strokes of his cock. Buck arches and grips onto Bobby's shoulders so hard he's bound to leave a mark. Bobby's grip is firm, twisting his hold as he moves up and down, thumbing at the slit, alternating the intensity of his pressure.

They kiss again, but Buck can't keep it up, keeps pausing to whine or to catch his breath. "Bobby..." he moans against his lips. "Bobby please tell me this isn't it..."

"Not by a long shot, kid." Bobby assures him. "We're barely getting started."

Buck looks like he's barely holding himself up, his legs trembling beneath him and constantly readjusting his grip on Bobby. "Tell me," he begs. Bobby mouths at his neck, sucks a small bruise right at his pulse point. "Tell me what.. what you want to do to me."

Bobby jacks him a little faster, a little more pointed as he starts to speak, drawing out each word against Buck's skin, against his lips. Into his kiss.

"I'm going to lay you down and eat you out for a while, maybe suck you off once or twice, finger you open nice and slow til you're begging for my knot. Then I'm going to bend you in half and fuck you until you forget anything but my name."

Buck's short nails dig deep into the flesh of Bobby's back as he comes, shouting his name. Hot spurt after spurt of white coats them both and Bobby doesn't stop his hand, just strokes him through it, squeezes and teases him, dragging it out until Buck is nothing but a quivering mess in his arms.

"Just like that, kid."

His hand is coated in slick and come, but he waits until Buck is a little more back down to earth to bring two fingers up to his mouth and sucks them off slowly, keeping eye contact

with brilliant blue eyes that go impossibly wider at his movements.

“Jesus, *Fuck* , Bobby...”

Buck kisses him, chases the taste of himself through every inch of Bobby’s lips and mouth, greedy for everything.

When they finally pause for air, Bobby steps back, taking a dazed and glassy eyed Buck with him, guiding him to the couch a few short steps away.

There he does *exactly* as he promised.

He swallows Buck down over and over again, driving him right to the brink until he’s swallowing another load, Buck gripping what he can of Bobby’s short hair so hard it stings. And he doesn’t let up, sucking him dry until Buck is begging for some relief. Even then, Bobby only moves on, never stopping. He kisses down the crease of Buck’s thighs, down to suck gently at his balls, then kisses the tender ring of muscle. Buck all but melts as Bobby slowly begins to lick him open, taking his time. He draws out Buck’s pleasure here in a purposeful, pointed method. Long stretches of teases are, at first, interrupted by quick, intense moments where Bobby fucks his tongue into him, gets him to take more and more each time.

Slowly, the teasing becomes less and less, his lips and tongue going from gentle, light and fast flickers to firm, purposeful movements. Buck grinds down against Bobby’s face, unable to voice his need for more but begging for it all the same.

Bobby is pretty sure he could drown here and, in the moment at least, die happy. Covered in Buck’s slick, strong, muscular thighs on either side of his head threatening to squeeze but shaking so hard in an effort to give him room to work.

His own cock is so hard it hurts, aching to be buried right where his tongue is. To feel this heat he’s only experienced in a fleeting moment once before. But even now, as he feels Buck’s body tense and notices how he’s gone silent, on the edge of another orgasm, Bobby knows what will happen.

He can already feel the tug, the pull, to knot and breed and *claim* Buck.

And he already knows he’s going to do it, to fuck him, to find the warmth of home and belonging and tie them together. And he’s going to hate himself just as much as he loves doing it.

“ *Bobby.....* ” Buck comes again, drawing Bobby’s name out, hitching into a high pitched whine when Bobby easily slips three fingers into his loose and wet hole, curling them to massage his prostate after only the first pulse. Buck curses and arches off the couch, heels digging into the wall of Bobby’s back.

They’re both coated in slick and come and sweat and the couch is going to need a really thorough cleaning and Bobby doesn’t even care.

“Bobby..” Buck moans his name as a final pulse of come spurts from his cock. “Bobby.. need. knot me.. please Please please please please...”

Carefully, Bobby guides Buck up. He's like a hundred pound rag doll in his arms, going wherever Bobby puts him without an ounce of resistance.

He falls forward into a lazy, fucked out kiss that Bobby lets himself forget the world in for a long, stretched out time before he turns the omega over and, as he'd promised, folds him over the arm of the couch.

It's a beautiful sight.

His body is marked up and flushed deep red, splotchy from exertion, red scratches in various spots, neck and shoulders beginning to bloom in brilliant marks of purple. His ass is pale and round cheeks spread, hole glistening with just how wet and ready he is for Bobby.

“I got you kid...”

As pliant and blissed out as Buck is, he still has the strength to hold himself up, to look back over his shoulder and watch, intent, as Bobby finally lines up and sinks home.

Bobby's hands are shaking with every inch that Buck takes. Buck's body opens so perfectly for him, barely giving him any resistance. Their moans are a harmony, a deep, guttural groan that rumbles through Bobby's chest and a higher, needy sound from Buck.

And the *heat*.

The *tightness* that sucks him in has Bobby seeing stars.

With a bruising grip to Buck's hip he bottoms out. Then he leans forward and wraps his other arm around the Omega's shoulders and pulls him up just a touch, just enough so that he can make an effort to kiss him as he begins to slowly fuck into his warm and inviting body.

After only a few quick snaps of his hips Bobby finds the right angle so that no matter how much they want to kiss, they can't, not with the way Bobby fucks a gasp of air from Buck every single time. The couch doesn't move, offers a perfect counterpoint to the way Bobby fucks him, quickly becoming a hard, fast movement. There's no give, no moving forward, just deep, targeted thrusts. Over and over and over. Their bodies slide together, back to chest, arms wrapped around wherever they can reach and holding on for dear life.

Neither can form words anymore, or do anything more than grunt and groan amid all the filthy, lewd, wet sounds of their bodies slapping together.

And then the spark.

The fire and tug from his very core that had nearly driven him insane last time.

Bobby's knot starts to swell.

He starts to feel it grow, to stretch and catch on Buck's rim. And just like the first time, it's killing him, the pain warring with the pleasure, the ache in his heart fighting with the warmth it brings his soul. Because he was never supposed to have this again.

He barely notices Buck coming, and he has every intention to pull out before they're tied together, in no mood to drown himself in the dichotomy of blissful sorrow.

But he can't. He can't stop. He *needs* to feel Buck coming around his knot, needs to feel every clench and tug of muscle, every tight moment as Buck comes apart around him.

And by the time Buck slumps forward, it's too late.

Bobby is coming, tied to Buck and pumping him so full there's no way the Omega can't feel it, can't feel the flood of seed.

He never thought he'd experience this sensation again in his lifetime, knows he doesn't deserve it.

Worse than that, he knows that unless he does something to counteract it, they will be tied like this for a *very* long time.

The only reason he'd been able to part from Buck so quickly the last time was the pain in his heart coupled by the pain of digging his own fingernails into his hand so hard he bled.

For some reason, he doesn't do anything but stand there, feeling the pulse of release from deep within his body, his spine curling in pleasure, never ending, wanting more.

Needing more.

Needing that bond.

That much, he can stop himself from.

He will worry about hating himself again in the morning.

"Buck..." he whispers softly, running a messy hand through messier hair.

Buck looks back at him with a completely blissed out look on his face.

"Work with me a second. We need to lay down."

Buck's brow furrow. He looks genuinely confused. "Why?"

God he wishes Buck didn't ask so many questions sometimes.

Hating the light tremble in his voice and the way his eyes suddenly feel wetter than they should, Bobby sighs. "Because we're going to be here a while."

They move carefully, slowly. Despite it all Buck's hard, smooth body moves and writhes against Bobby's causing another crescendo and a moan to slip from his lips. By the time

they're on their sides spread out on the couch he's breathless and Buck is rocking his hips in a steady rhythm.

Though he'd never truly stopped spilling into Buck, the way the younger man moves, how he rocks and clenches and *moans* on Bobby's knot makes another bright burst of pleasure flood his senses. He grips Buck's hip with yet another bruising squeeze as his release seems to start all over again.

By the time he's clear headed enough to try and speak, there's a soft, gentle snore coming from Buck.

Bobby buries his nose in Bucks hair and breathes deep, getting that overwhelming sense of salt and sand, of the ocean and the gentle waves that should lull him to sleep.

But he knows, deep down, that beneath the surface Buck is a riptide and it's only a matter of time before he pulls Bobby under.

Chapter 3

It doesn't stop.

Not that Buck wants it to.

They don't talk about it, naturally. When Buck had woken alone on Bobby's couch with Bobby in the shower he'd quietly tugged his soiled pants back on, yanked his t-shirt over his head, and slipped out of the door.

There's work to do and people to save. He can't worry about the crack slowly spreading more and more each day in his heart.

Buck can't dwell on the fact that in a moment of weakness he had shown up at the door of the only person he has ever sought out for real, true comfort.

What haunts his dreams, is that Bobby had given that and so much more.

So a few weeks later, when the night is cold and sleep won't come, he shows up at Bobby's apartment once more. He doesn't know what he's going to say. What he's going to ask for.

Whatever it winds up being, Bobby doesn't say no.

As a matter of fact, Bobby never says no.

After a bad shift. After a good shift. After a particularly nightmarish shift.

Over and over again, Buck goes to Bobby like a moth to flame. And every time Bobby burns him up from the inside out. He makes Buck feel like no one ever has. Not just physically, which is the worst part. If it was just the sex, the *orgasms*, (and god there are a lot of them) he doesn't think it would be so fucking bad. But it's the way Bobby touches him, the way he holds him. How deeply and thoroughly Bobby proves time and time again how much he wants Buck, at least on a physical level, just with his *kiss*.

And yet...

Every time they knot, and they knot almost every time, Buck feels that incomplete part of himself reaching out, stretched so far that he thinks he may snap any second. The come down is worse each night (or day) they spend together like that, a slowly spreading *rot* that he knows is something wrong, something not right.

He just doesn't know how to fix it.

Or if he even can.

The first time Bobby is the one to reach out, Buck almost misses it.

They're in the lobby of the hospital, the ICU waiting room. They've just left Chim's bedside and won't be allowed back in for another twelve hours, minimum. Bobby, Hen, and Buck huddle together, trying to *keep* it together as they say their goodbyes. They each give one another a tight, personal hug in turn.

But when Bobby has his arms wrapped around Buck in an almost bruising squeeze, Buck feels his lips move against his temple, hears a whisper of a question that makes him jerk. His instincts are to step back, but he gives Bobby another 'friendly' pat on the back, then on the shoulder as they part.

What he sees in the Alpha's eyes leaves no question to what he had said.

"Come home with me."

It hadn't even been a question, but a plea.

Buck can't do anything but nod.

Five minutes after they walk through the front door of Bobby's apartment building they are in the exact same spot where all of this started, Buck with his pants down just far enough that Bobby can fuck him, quick and deep, right against the wall. There's a different kind of urgency in their movements this time - a sharpness to it. Buck is so close to coming when he feels the first swell of Bobby's knot that he lets out a breathy, excited laugh.

"Yeah, fuck yeah, Bobby..."

But as much as he encourages the alpha, borders on the edge of begging, Bobby doesn't lock them together. He teases, he stretches and toys with Buck, riding his knot right at his rim, but not pushing through until it's so big Buck can't imagine how it ever fits inside him. He makes every inch of Buck's skin sing out and ignite with electricity and tension in his need for release.

And doesn't let him over.

Even as *Bobby* comes, lips locked on the tense tendon at the join of Buck's neck and shoulder, bruising, marking him as he fills him...

He doesn't let Buck come.

"*Bobby...*" he whines, so far from ashamed he even does it twice.

Bobby's hand trembles as he snakes a sensual touch up Buck's abdomen, to his chest, rolling a nipple between thumb and forefinger in a manner that sends another wave of sharp ecstasy through his spine. "I'm nowhere near done with you yet," he mumbles between kisses to sooth the bruise Buck knows is already blooming. "If I knot you now... can't fit everything else in."

When Buck snorts at the double meaning there he gets a firm, sharp slap to the side of his ass for his trouble that *almost* sends him over. He lets out a moan, bucking back against Bobby without thought.

“Can we, uh...” he wants to ask. He needs to ask.

But none of this has ever gone anywhere but this room. The wall. The door. The kitchen counter. The couch. The floor.

Buck is breathless, desperate.

“Can we go to your bed?”

For a moment Bobby freezes, and Buck thinks he’s crossed a line. That despite the tension Bobby needs to get out, it’s too much and Buck is about to be shown the door.

Orgasms be damned.

Slowly, Bobby takes a step back and Buck winces not at the sudden loss of his cock, but at the silent answer to his question.

“Look, Bobby, I’m sorry I said anything we can-”

Bobby kisses him to shut him up, manhandling Buck so they’re chest to chest. Then he drags his hands down Buck’s arms, entwines their fingers, and guides him to the one room in the tiny apartment Buck has never been in.

With every step his heart is soaring higher and higher hope and desire colliding together in a way he’s never thought possible.

When Bobby lays him out, takes his time removing his clothes, kisses every inch of Buck’s skin, Buck is pretty sure he’s in heaven. He commits each kiss to memory, each touch of Bobby’s fingers, each drag of his cock over Buck’s hole, into him. Bobby plays Buck’s body like he’s an expert, like he’s known every spot, every sensitive patch of skin to focus his attention on for *years*. And he fills him, over and over. With Buck’s legs curled over his shoulders, from behind him with Buck kneeling, *presenting*, for him on the edge of the bed.

By the fourth time Buck feels so full he could burst, both from Bobby and from his own need for release. He *aches* for it, tears streaming down his face as he begs Bobby as coherently as he’s capable of to just let him come. To touch him, just for a moment. Or, god, let Buck touch himself. But Bobby made it clear right from the beginning that he wasn’t *allowed*. He could touch Bobby all he wanted - and touch he did. But not himself.

And he never got knotted.

Buck has no idea what time it is when the soft, warm glow of sunrise begins to illuminate their bodies. What he does know is he’s on the edge and frantic, and *Bobby* seems to be wearing himself out.

When Bobby pauses to take a breath, Buck takes his chance, hooks a leg around the back of the Alpha’s knee, and flips their positions.

Bobby lands on his back with a quiet ‘oof’ and a moment of shocked expression that quickly darkens. He drags his hands up Buck’s firm thighs that are still trembling, shaking not just

from exertion, from his need for release, but from Bobby's touch.

He feels a warm, wet streak slide down his inner thigh, knows he's *dripping* Bobby's seed and groans that he's lost any of it.

Slowly, Buck rolls his entire body, takes in Bobby's cock as easy as breathing, and seats himself.

For a moment, he basks in his victory, breathing deep and not really adjusting as much as simply enjoying the moment, catching his breath. When he looks down Bobby is staring back up at him, the glow of morning reflecting in his eyes making them almost amber. As he starts to move, he leans forward, puts his hands on Bobby's wrists above the Alpha's head and kisses him, deep and searching.

He begins to fuck down onto Bobby's cock, shifting and spreading his legs until he finds just the right angle that he throws his head back and bares his throat with the intense surge of pleasure. With every thrust Bobby meets him a little more, a little sharper, pulling his own knees up to give himself a counterpoint until they're slamming together over and over. Buck is a mess of need and tension, fucked out bliss and knows it won't take much more to make him snap.

Buck tries to pull a hand away, to stroke himself, to give himself that last touch of friction he needs.

The second he does Bobby's hand snaps around his wrists and holds him back, reminding him no matter who is on top, Bobby is *always* in charge.

"Come on my knot..." he demands, breathless and broken in a tone that shouldn't be as strict as it comes across.

Buck tries to plead with him that he can't. He can't, it's too much. He's too full, too close, he just needs a touch, something. But he can't speak. Can't form a single word with the way Bobby snaps his hips at a brutal pace, knot swelling and stretching him even further than before. He doesn't know how much more he can take, skin feeling like it's on fire, stretched thin, every single nerve in his body alight and just waiting, waiting, waiting for that one moment of release.

He tilts his head further, and Bobby reaches up just enough to kiss him, to nip at his pulse point, his jaw, his ear. "Come for me, baby."

Buck sees white.

He shouts, loud and cracked, broken, as he comes with Bobby's knot pressed hard and deep against his walls, pulsing and filling him yet again. His entire body convulses, spine curled in a sharp curve, fingers digging into the sheets so hard he hears them tear, toes curled and muscles all threatening to never let go again.

Bobby holds him when he collapses against the Alpha, soothes him with quiet whispers and his own trembling touch.

They lay tied together, stopping, resting, catching their breath for the first time since they stepped through the front door. And it is an awkward angle, and a strange position to be stuck in for who knows how long. But none of that matters. Because Bobby is holding him, not pushing him away or pulling back. He strokes Buck's back, runs fingers through his hair. He kisses his cheek and then his lips.

Buck doesn't know how long they lay there, doesn't much care. Because for a time that stretches beyond counting - but isn't anywhere near long enough - he can drift, and he can pretend.

He can pretend that this gulf that somehow still exists between them, no matter how close or connected they are - doesn't actually exist. That Bobby doesn't keep rejecting their bond over and over again. Doesn't think he is not good enough. Or too young. Or too immature. Too wild. Too whatever it is that is making him pull away at the last minute no matter how powerful the gravity is between them.

He can pretend he can be loved.

Wanted.

By the time the sun is fully out and it must be mid-morning they have adjusted, moved so they're laying on their sides, Bobby fucking into Buck with slow, deliberate movements. There is no rush. No desperation in either of them. When Buck twists his shoulders around so they can kiss it is just as easy and languid as the way Bobby fucks him. Their pleasure builds slowly, through the glide of lips and touch of hands. Their fingers are entwined together around Buck's cock, stroking him to completion as they come together.

They sleep like that, tied together, Bobby so completely, thoroughly curled around Buck that he feels small for the first time since he reached his full height of 6'2". It's not an easy feat. Yet Bobby manages.

And in his sleep, Buck dreams.

He dreams of feeling Bobby's emotions, of knowing when he's hurt and scared and happy. Of sharing joy and sorrow. Of carrying each other's burdens. He dreams of children. Children who will surely have heads full of beautiful blonde hair, and a range of eye colors from Buck's soft blue, to amber, to the deep depths of Bobby's brown. And his stomach swells, grows full and round. He curls a hand around the child he grows, the child they both love, as Bobby leans in and kisses them both ever so gently.

Buck wakes with a start, with tears in his eyes that in an instant go from those of joy to the sting of loss and heartache. They burn and blur his vision even as he realizes the sensations hadn't all been in his dreams. His hand rests on his lower abdomen, distended from just how many times Bobby had filled him over the last few hours.

The sensation, the physical, the soft rise of his belly may have been real. But the hope was nothing but a figment of his imagination. And he knows that. A crushing weight curls around his heart as reality is already settling in.

His tears are silent, but something has changed in him enough to wake Bobby.

Bobby starts with a kiss to the back of Buck's neck that is less a balm and more salt in an open wound. He slides his fingers down Buck's side, follows his arm, then rests the palm of his hand at the unmistakable swell of his stomach.

And then he freezes.

Buck can feel the difference. Feel the change. There's a sudden tenseness that hadn't been there before, the lightest tremor in Bobby's hands, and no more warm breath at the sensitive skin at the nape of his neck.

A moment later, he doesn't feel anything.

"Bobby?"

In an instant Bobby has pulled away and rolled over, sitting up with his head in his hands, silent.

"Bobby," Buck, despite his own pain, his own *anger*, reaches for him, touches his shoulder.

Bobby jerks away and stands, not looking back. "I can't do this."

"Bobby!" Buck pleads with him as he starts to walk away. "Just tell me what I did. Please, Bobb.."

The door doesn't even have the decency of slamming shut, it just... clicks as Bobby disappears and leaves Buck crushingly empty and alone.

Chapter 4

The edge of a cliff can be a surprisingly cathartic place to be.

For a little while.

Wind whips your hair and brings with it fresh, cool reminders of a vast, open world. Beneath your feet the ground is solid. Stable.

There just isn't any more of it to catch you should yet another fast moving object hit you out of nowhere.

Bobby has been careening toward the edge for months. His relationship with Buck is unhealthy for him and the worst kind of unfair for the kid. His job is becoming less of a way out than it was intended to be. Then Chim... Now, his latest screw up with Buck... He owes the kid so much, the least of which is an apology the size of Texas.

When he had woken up with Buck in his arms, felt the warmth of his body tucked against his own - the guilt had been thick but manageable. But the second he felt that rise in Buck's stomach, the one HE had made, and he had a flash of joy, of 'mine', 'ours', the guilt overtook him and became suffocating.

Debilitating.

For a week he operates on autopilot, and then the plane crash rescue hits him square in the back.

Bobby takes a step forward to hold himself up and finds nothing but air. Head over feet he falls off the cliff, through the abyss, and straight into the bottom of a bottle.

When he first opens his eyes and the bourbon blurred world has Buck in it he's pretty certain he's still hallucinating. But Hen is there, too and they confer with each other over him, about him. He hasn't hallucinated her yet and she's not exactly the kind of person to be talking to herself, so he must be there.

It takes him a bit to really, fully sober up. Hen and Buck both work to fill him with coffee and what carbs he has around the house. To be fair, it's isn't much, but the bread fills his stomach and the coffee works to clear his head enough. The three of them come up with a plan to check in on him, Buck surprisingly on board and helpful. Which kind of throws Bobby. It's the last thing he expected, the warmth and understanding shown from the younger man after everything Bobby has put him through.

But it shouldn't be, should it?

That's who Buck is. The man that throws himself into danger, puts his own life on the line to help save others, even if there's only the slimmest chance. It's why...

"Bobby?"

He realizes he'd been staring into space and looks up to find Buck kneeling in front of him, the apartment otherwise empty.

"Where did Hen go?" Bobby asks, voice hoarse.

Buck carefully reaches for Bobby's hands and takes them in his own, holding him tight. "She had to get back to Karen and Denny. But I promised her I would stay as long as you need me. And I will, you know that right?"

Another sob makes Bobby's chest convulse but he swallows it, and shakes his head. "You shouldn't. Not after... after everything." After everything he's done in his life. After everything he's done to Buck. How he's treated him. The lives he's taken. He doesn't deserve comfort, and he sure as hell doesn't deserve it from this man.

"It was the kid, wasn't it?"

Buck's voice cuts through the din and clatter of everything jumbling around in Bobby's head.

"And his mom?"

The shouting in Bobby's head goes silent. Not even static or the sound of his own heartbeat exist, as he stares, slack jawed, at Buck.

"You kept checking on those two, over and over. We all react badly when kids are in danger, but you always take it to the next level. And then when I put that in my head with..." he pauses, and looks away, and Bobby knows exactly what he's going to say next. "With what happened the other night." Buck's voice breaks and he clears his throat, but he doesn't pull away. "Tell me what's wrong, Bobby. Tell me-"

Bobby shakes his head, tears streaming freely down his cheeks again. "I can't. I can't, Buck. Don't... don't ask me. Please." His hands shake in Buck's hold and his chest clenches so hard he can't breathe.

But Buck is right there, saying soothing words that Bobby can't make out but he hears the tone, he feels the palm pressed against his bare chest. He feels Buck's chest suddenly plastered against his own back, curled around him, breathing. There's warm gusts of air against his cheek and the steady rise and fall that, at the very least, he can attempt to mimic. The world is a blur, nothing but the memories that will always haunt him filling his head.

But Buck is right there.

Buck holds him through it, through the sobs that wrack his body, and the hyperventilating when he tries to overcompensate for his lack of oxygen.

Buck is there.

He's there when he goes quiet again. He's there when Bobby falls asleep wrapped in his arms, face wet, Buck's shirt soaked in tears.

He's there when Bobby wakes.

Bobby slept for anywhere from a few minutes to several hours. He doesn't know. His body is still so tired and he can barely move enough to find his phone and check. Not that he really wants to.

Honestly, if he could, he would lay here forever and forget the world exists.

Buck runs his fingers through Bobby's hair, nails on his scalp that makes him nuzzle a little into the younger man's chest that shakes with a silent chuckle.

"You're awake, I take it?"

Bobby groans. "For some definition of the word, maybe."

They lay there, for a bit. Buck holds him and Bobby knows, without a doubt, his arms are the only thing that held him in one piece over the last few hours.

"Whatever it was," Buck breaks the silence, voice a little distant but fingers still slipping through Bobby's short hair. "Whatever happened that made you react like this... is that why you don't want me?"

Bobby sits up and turns to face Buck, brows furrowed and shaking his head.

"God, you've got it so wrong." He reaches out, cups Buck's jaw and strokes his wet cheek with a callused thumb. "I want you so much it's killing me, Buck. But I don't deserve you. There's so much you don't know..."

"So tell me," he says. Like it's easy. Like it's the simplest answer to the most complicated of problems in the universe.

"All you've seen is the tip of the ice-burg," Bobby continues to stroke his cheek and gives him a watery smile. "I won't pull you down with me."

"Why don't you let me decide how much I can take?"

Bobby stands, runs his hands through his own hair and gives a little tug to feel the sting, the hint of pain. He groans. "It's not your decision to make."

"Bullshit." Buck jumps to his feet in a sudden burst of anger, storming off to the other side of the tiny space. "You are not alone in this, Bobby." When he turns to face Bobby there are fresh tears in Buck's eyes. "You don't have to go into all the sordid details but I deserve to know why you keep dragging me back in then cutting me off at the last second!"

"I was bonded! Alright?" The words rip through him, tearing and clawing their way out of his chest and leaving shards of glass in their wake. "I was bonded, married, two kids. All of it. And I destroyed that life." Buck looks like he's been slapped and Bobby falls to the coffee table, hanging his head in his hands, voice broken, dry. Out of tears to shed. "And so many more," he whispers. "Turned to ash."

Silence hangs heavy between them.

He thinks Buck is about to leave. Figures he should. Bobby wouldn't blame him.

There's a quiet sound of footsteps coming closer. A soft noise of confusion.

"Bobby... I...."

He sounds as lost as Bobby feels.

"Please. Just drop it," he begs.

"I wish I had words to help," Buck says instead, all hints of anger gone. Somehow that hurts even worse. Bobby looks up to see him standing there, looking down at him not with pity, but sorrow. "That there was something - anything I could say."

Buck drops to his knees in front of Bobby and grips his hands.

"Nothing makes this better, Buck."

"Then let me at least be here." He holds up a hand to stop Bobby's protest. "We don't have to bond. We don't even have to talk about it ever again. But I know I feel more whole, more complete and at peace when I'm with you, Bobby. If it's the same for you, and that's what you need, then let me be that for you."

A tiny, almost imperceptible flicker of hope fans to life in Bobby's heart. That he doesn't have to do this alone. That he doesn't have to feel so empty.

But he shakes his head. "I can't ask that of you," Bobby reminds him.

"Good thing you're not asking. I'm offering, eyes open. Do you want me? Here? With you?"

"God, yes."

"Then right here is where I'm going to stay."

Buck leans up and captures Bobby's lips in a dry, chaste but reassuring kiss.

Bobby shakes his head. "There's so much more."

"And you'll tell me when you're ready." Buck seems so sure, so trusting that it almost makes Bobby crack again. His lips tremble and he breathes deep, inhaling the deep scent of Buck and lets it just wash over him.

It's selfish, and so fucking wrong of him to do this to the kid. But Buck is a lifeline, and, for now, Bobby clings to him as tightly as he can.

Chapter 5

“You haven’t had sex in a year?”

Buck balks and has to force himself not to stare at Abby, turning his attention back to the road. They’ve already been out for two hours and haven’t gotten any leads or luck so far.

“Listen,” she harps back with a laugh in her voice. “I don’t need my sex life judged by someone who is sleeping with his Captain and can’t figure out where the hell it’s going.”

It’s a low blow but one Buck can’t deny. It’s only been a day since his confession and Buck is still wrapping his head around... everything.

“How is Captain America, anyway?” She asks, eyes going back to the slowly passing sidewalks.

As much as Buck knows he needs to talk about it, he’s not exactly chomping at the bit wanting to talk about it. “Shouldn’t we be focused on keeping our eyes peeled?” He asks, slowing down just a touch to try and get a good look down the next alley they pass.

“I am keeping my eyes peeled. While we’re at it, you are going to keep my mind off how terrible my life is going by reminding me I’m not alone.” She gives his knee a quick pat without looking in his direction.

Buck bites back on a smile. Abby is the only person in his life he can talk to about this kind of stuff. And despite how short an amount of time they’ve known each other, she’s one of his closest friends. She’d been... disappointed... to say the least when he’d turned her down for a date, but then suddenly changed her tune and wanted coffee and details when he explained why he wasn’t really looking for one at the moment.

Of everyone he knows, she isn’t a frat boy, and she isn’t a co-worker.

So Abby’s it.

Though, he’s pretty certain she’d be the one he’d go to with this anyway. It’s just the kind of rapport they’ve built up.

(He tried calling Maddie a few times, but the one call she’s actually picked up she didn’t really have the time or the concentration to talk, even to really catch up. God, he misses his sister.)

“Bobby is...” he starts, trying to figure out how much to share. He doesn’t even have all the details himself. What he does know is that Bobby’s sobriety is not his story to tell. So he sticks with the thing that’s actually been really, really bugging him. “Bobby was married,” he eventually admits, the words like bitter salt in his mouth.

“Excuse me?” Abby is clearly offended on his behalf and glances over at him with her brows almost to her hairline.

“Bonded with kids,” he adds, flatly. She looks confused for a moment, which Buck gets. Bobby is an amazing man. And Buck has felt that way right from the start. He’s honorable, courageous, kind, honest, and just, a good guy. That’s the only way he’s ever thought of him, and the only way he’s ever spoken of him. It’s not likely a man like that was just dumped, or is lying about something so deeply important.

“I think they died,” Buck says quietly when Abby hasn’t responded for a while.

“Oh.” She turns back to the window, saddened and contemplative. “He didn’t tell you what happened?”

“It wasn’t exactly the easiest of conversations.” Which is an understatement. It was probably the most difficult conversation of his own life so far.

“Fair enough.” She shrugs, then gives a little thoughtful hum. “But it does explain a lot, doesn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you said he’s never talked about his personal life at work, despite having an open, honest interest in everyone else’s. And not in the gossipy kind of way but in the genuine care kind of way.”

“Yeah.”

Abby sighs, then gives Buck a sad smile. “I got dumped by a potential bond mate in my twenties and thought my life was actually over. I genuinely didn’t think I would survive and we never even came close to actually bonding. You thought he was outright rejecting you the first time and swore it was the worst pain you’ve ever felt in your life. Can you imagine what kind of actual physical pain he must be going through just from the death of a bond partner? Not to mention the psychological heartache of losing a love and his kids. It’s got to be the last thing he ever wants to think about, let alone talk about.” She slowly turns back to the window, her voice going softer, sad. “And trust me, depending on how long ago it was, he could still be always thinking about it.”

“How long did it take you to get over your fiancé?” Buck wracks his brain for the name he knows she’s said a few times in their long, long, late night conversations. “Gavin?”

“Honestly, I don’t know if I ever did.” She laughs, not an ounce of humor in the sound. “It’s probably why Tommy left me, too.”

“Well, they were both idiots.”

“Thanks!” She says with a load of faux cheer that borders on manic. Then her smile softens into something a little more genuine, a little more playful. “That means a lot coming from a man who also won’t date me.”

“Abby...” Buck sighs.

But she waves him off. “I’m just kidding. I’m not about to think I could ever come between someone and a potential bond mate. Even one as complicated as yours.”

The police scanner crackles to life with reports of a three year old trapped in a pool full of electricity before he can come up with a rebuttal and the conversation is lost for a while.

By the time Buck makes it to bed that night his exhaustion is bone deep.

He’s had long shifts. He’s had the kind of shifts where he goes the full 48 hours with barely a wink of sleep. But for the most part, those are physically draining and he’s still young and full of spit fire. There’s stamina to spare when he’s being told where to go and what to do.

But the last week has been so emotionally taxing that the last two days with Bobby and then helping Abby find her mom has completely drained him. There’s no energy to spare for dwelling on all his outstanding worries and fears. So he crawls under the covers and grabs his phone to set his alarm.

There’s one missed call, and one unread text.

Both from Bobby.

Call me when you get this, please.

It’s late, but it’s not unreasonably so.

Buck doesn’t hesitate to hit the call button.

Bobby picks up in just two rings.

“Buck...”

“Hey, Bobby. Is everything okay?”

There’s silence for a moment and Buck can picture his face as he tries to figure out what to say. “Yeah. Well... God, no, Buck. Nothing is okay. But I want it to get there. Look, I know it’s late but can we talk?”

It is late. And five minutes ago he could barely keep his eyes open but for Bobby?

“Yeah. Yeah, absolutely. You want to just talk here or...”

“I’d like to see you,” he says and it sounds so earnest and honest it makes Buck’s heart clench. “I’m not at home right now so I could meet you somewhere or pick you up?”

“Uh,” Buck thinks about how much he drove today, and how hard it was on the last leg of the journey home. “It’s probably best if you come get me,” he admits carefully.

Bobby seems fine with that and lets him know he’s on his way.

It takes him a bit, but eventually Buck is able to crawl back out of bed and into something simple and clean.

And then, he frets.

He worries and he angsts over what Bobby wants to talk to him about. He hopes it's nothing world ending or soul crushing.

Twenty minutes after their call, Bobby pulls up outside his house and waits for Buck against the side of his truck.

Slowly, so Bobby can stop him if he needs to, Buck steps into the Alpha's space, into his arms. He reaches up and curls a hand around the back of Bobby's neck. To Buck's immense shock, Bobby is the one who closes the distance between them. Their kiss is soft and slow, Bobby practically clinging to Buck, like he needs his touch more than anything.

Buck just melts into it for a little while, letting Bobby take as much as he needs from him. But soon enough, he begins to feel the heat pooling in his stomach, the urge for more building with every touch of Bobby's hands and glide of his lips.

"Bobby," Buck reluctantly pulls away just a touch, just enough. "We should probably get in your truck before I drag you inside. Roommates and thin walls be damned."

Bobby seems just as reluctant to part as Buck, but nods, stealing one last kiss before they part fully.

Neither of them are from the area and as they drive around and debate where they can go to have privacy that doesn't have a bed they discover they actually moved in around the same time. Both of them have hit around the same number of the 'touristy' spots over the years.

Which is how they wind up finding a quiet, dark corner of Griffith's Park overlooking the city.

Once they're parked Bobby grabs a thick blanket from his back seat, a pint of Chunky Monkey ice cream he'd apparently picked up specifically for Buck out of his cooler, and they lay out in the grass, diving in.

The city is an ocean of lights spread out before them, a bed of stars in their own right despite drowning out most of the ones overhead.

It is surprisingly easy to exist at Bobby's side with no conversation. No touching. They simply - are.

And it's comfortable.

Easy.

But the silence can't last forever.

“The other day,” Bobby starts as he pops the empty spoon from his lips. “You said you wanted to be with me, still, after what I admitted.”

Buck freezes and doesn’t turn to look at Bobby. Doesn’t respond.

Waits.

“Eyes open, you said.” Bobby all but throws his spoon in the half empty carton and rests his arms out over his bent knees, hangs his head for a moment. “But, Buck, you still don’t have all the information. You can’t,” he stops, clears his throat, tries again. “You can’t offer that kind of thing until you know everything.” And then his voice starts to crack. “Until you really know what kind of man I am.”

Slowly, Buck turns so he’s sitting facing Bobby fully, shifts closer.

“But I do know what kind of man you are, Bobby,” he assures him. He tries to reach for him, and Bobby flinches, but then sighs. “I may not have known you a terribly long time, but I’ve literally walked through fire with you. I -”

“Stop.” Bobby begs him. “Buck, please stop.”

“I - I don’t understand.”

“I killed my family.” Bobby blurts out, and Buck’s heart shatters for him even as he freezes, not having any clue how to even begin to process that new information. “I’m the reason they’re gone. Dead. And I-”

“Maybe...” Buck clears his throat, reaches out, and gently touches Bobby’s arm. It’s the barest hint of a connection, letting him know he’s there. That he’s listening. “Maybe you should start from the beginning.”

So, he does.

For over half an hour Buck hears the story of the life of one Robert Wade Nash. There is a smile on his face and bitter sweet tears in his eyes as he talks about meeting Marcy, of their instant connection and playful early stages. He talks about his children, what it felt like to hold them for the first time, both times. How their life was quiet, simple, but good. And then, an accident on the job, how he fell two stories and it was a miracle he survived at all, but his road to recovery had been long and painful - and it is still technically ongoing. That’s when his voice becomes dark and his tears begin to flow. He talks about his addictions, about the wedge it drove between him and his wife. His stints in rehab.

Then the fire.

Buck sits quietly, patiently, taking in every word, processing every hurt Bobby has and, eventually, holding him through them. He starts with a touch, his hand on Bobby’s before Bobby turns his over and entwines their fingers.

In the end, Bobby’s head rests on Buck’s shoulder while he simply holds the Alpha together. He isn’t really crying, though there had been several moments of tears. Despite their

incomplete bond, Bobby's pain is so raw, so potent, that Buck can still feel the edges of it reaching out for him, desperate to be shared and FELT.

Even without their connection Buck recognizes the weight Bobby carries, marvels that he's carried something so heavy for so long completely alone.

"Bobby..." he brings Bobby's hand up to his lips and kisses his knuckles, rubs slow circles into the back of it with his thumb. "I'm still not going anywhere." And it's true. Bobby's life has been sideways and fucked up, but it doesn't change who he is, who Buck knows him to be. None of that has changed, and nothing has diminished the way he feels about him.

"You should," Bobby says immediately, pulling away and out of Buck's grip. "I can't give you what you want."

"You think you know what I want?" Buck puts on an air of exaggerated offense to mask the actual hurt.

Bobby looks back over his shoulder with a smile, and nods. "Remember earlier, when you said you knew what kind of man I am?" Buck nods. "Well that goes both ways. I know you. I know you want to be loved. You want that storybook life with the mate and the 2.5 kids. And I can't..." He goes back to looking out at the city, thousands of lights reflecting in the tears pooling in his eyes. "I can't give ANY of that to you, Buck. Not a long term commitment, not a bond, not... god," he lets out soft huff then whispers, shaking his head. "Not kids. I can't... I can't..."

When Buck moves into his space this time Bobby lets him in, curls their arm around each other while Buck puts one leg over Bobby's and rests his head on the Alpha's shoulder.

"Do you remember the day you fired me?" He asks quietly. "What I said to you while I was begging?"

"That this job was all you had?" Bobby rubs his nose into Buck's hair and inhales, then tightens his hold.

"Because two years ago I was slinging drinks at a cheap tourist bar in Central America wearing a... a fuckign puko necklace with frosted tips." Bobby laughs, against Buck's temple, a quiet, watery sound. "Ah ha, very funny. And don't ask for pictures. I'm fairly certain I managed to delete them all. But my point is, until I moved here specifically to be a firefighter with the LAFD, I was lost. I didn't know who I was or where I was going or what the hell I wanted. And I'm on a better path now, but I'm still figuring some of those things out."

Bobby sighs. "What's your point?"

"My point is that you shouldn't cut me out just because you think you know what I want out of life when I'm still figuring it out myself."

For a while, Bobby doesn't respond. Just keeps looking out over the city, occasionally wiping at his eyes. He also doesn't let Buck go.

So, slowly, carefully, Buck moves. He adjusts, which gets Bobby's attention and he watches, cautious, but not stopping him.

Buck pulls his legs under him and gets to his knees, then turns face to face with Bobby. He straddles him, but not in any kind of sexual way. Just... so he can see him. With his arms draped over Bobby's shoulders he settles into the Alpha's lap, adjusts his long legs once more so they're wrapped around the man in his arms, and then smiles, sad.

He brings a hand to Bobby's cheek.

Bobby closes his eyes and presses into the touch, breathing deep.

"Tell me you don't want me in this part of your life because YOU don't want it, not because you think you don't deserve it or you think you're not right for me, and I'll go. You can take me home and I will... cry into my pillow and probably take a couple days off, but I'll go and I'll respect your wishes."

Bobby's hands are shaking when he grips the hand Buck still has against his cheek. He turns to kiss his palm, his wrist. Holds him so tight Buck already knows what his answer is.

"I can't do that, Buck."

"Then let me stay. Here. With you. In THIS moment. We will worry about tomorrow when it gets here."

Bobby doesn't say no. Doesn't even look like he wants to.

So Buck leans in, kisses him slowly, and stays.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Finally putting that office sex tag to work.

Also, since we are playing in a sandbox where alphas and omegas exist let's just set aside that whole... 'People aren't allowed and genuinely should not be in any kind of romantic relationship with a subordinate' *thing* while we are here, shall we?

Bobby is a terrible, hypocritical, selfish fucking man.

And Buck is the most stubborn human he's ever met.

He's also impossible to say no to when he turns on his bedroom eyes. Or sneaks into Bobby's air space without his scent patch on. Or asks for a ride home. Or when he's just... existing.

Damn him.

At first he thinks Buck will pull away slowly, once he really starts to register everything Bobby told him. Maybe he will figure out the gravity of the situation and realize he doesn't have it in him to deal with that kind of baggage. And he should. Bobby should push him away. Tell him no.

When they sit down at the station and he tells Hen and Chimney his story - an abridged version - and more about himself, Buck is right there at his side, leg pressed against his in a way that to anyone else looks like a casual connection between two people who happen to be sitting a little too close.

To Bobby, it's the world.

And he can't give that up.

No matter how terrible it makes him.

It's not like it's the worst thing he's ever done.

Buck, damn him, does the exact opposite of pull away.

He starts doing things like checking in on Bobby. Not just outside of work when he'll randomly stop by on days that will usually end with them laid up in bed a hot sweaty mess. No. He checks in on him at work. Asks 'how he's doing' at random points throughout the day and mean it. There are texts and phone calls and it all seems so God damned natural that Bobby really doesn't think he's doing any of it intentionally.

It's strange to be cared about again. To be shown that he's cared for.

He doesn't really know what to do with it.

A few weeks after his confession things seem to settle into a bit of a routine, strangely enough. Chim returns to work, slowly but surely the four of them get back into the swing of things as a team again, and Buck... keeps showing up.

It's pushing four a.m after one of the crazier shifts Bobby has had in a while. He was technically off the clock at three but had so much paperwork to do he stuck around. There is a class of recruits about halfway through training academy and he's finally gotten his hands on their resumes.

The house is silent, empty while the current crew is out on a call and he's just got his desk lamp on so unless anyone looks too closely, no one should know he's here.

Unfortunately, Buck is always looking closer than everyone else.

The second he hears his door open he doesn't even have to look up. He knows who it is. And when he hears the distinct click of the deadbolt sliding into place, there's no doubt.

"Kinda late, isn't it?" He asks, flipping to the next resume.

Bobby does glance up then, but doesn't make it obvious. Just a flick of his gaze out to where Buck is slowly pushing off the door and sauntering further in like he's still contemplating what to do. Like he doesn't know exactly what he's doing.

Buck shrugs. "I was helping Brooklyn with her Engineer certification when they got called out." He gets to the desk and Bobby finally sits up and leans back, which is apparently all the invitation the kid needed to slide his ass onto the hard surface, carefully setting Bobby's stack of papers aside.

"Oh, how's that going?" Bobby doesn't bite, doesn't move to accept him in his space or push him out. But he does have to hold back on a grin.

"She knows it. She's just gotta get out of her own head about her test anxiety. She'll be driving you and that beast of a truck around by next month, guaranteed."

The warmth and genuine care that Buck has when talking about helping her makes something familiar twist in Bobby's gut. He's been feeling it - and ignoring it - for a while.

For a moment, he lets it exist.

He stands up, and gets just close enough to Buck their legs touch - but no closer - and puts a hand on his arm. There's really only one direction this is going and the sooner they get to his truck and out of here the better.

"Buck-"

“What are these?” Buck has the stack of resumes in his hand and is flipping through them with a genuinely curious glance.

“Resumes. We have capacity for another crewmember and I...” he shouldn’t admit to anyone that this is what his first motivation was. Even if he’s got perfectly valid reasons too... Bobby puts a single finger under Buck’s chin and looks in his eyes, enjoying the way they sparkle in the full moonlight that floods the office from the high windows. “I shouldn’t be going in with you guys every time. My job is to lead, and to guide. So I need to find someone I trust to back you up when I can’t.”

He should mean the generic ‘you’. The ‘you’ that encompasses his whole team because, ultimately, it isn’t a stretch.

Buck’s smile says he hears the truth in the words, though.

"Aw, that's so sweet." Buck picks one of them up at random and gives it a passing glance. "Oh, this one comes with a gold star."

Unable to bite back on his smile, Bobby snatches the resume from Buck while pressing in a little closer to hopefully capture his full attention. "That's a silver star and it's an incredible honor given only to those who have performed some outstanding feat in the military." Buck doesn't seem too interested, especially now that he can wrap his legs around Bobby and tug him in even closer.

Bobby sighs through a quiet cackle. "Why are you here, Buck?"

“We’re off the clock,” he says as easily as breathing and pointedly reaches up and slowly, inch by tortuous inch, removes his scent blocker patch. He tosses it over handed into the trash with zero effort.

The effect is instant.

His scent floods Bobby’s senses, curls over and around and through him all at once in a rush that leaves him breathless. The death grip he suddenly has on Buck’s hips is the only thing that keeps him in check, keeps him from burying his face in the crook of the Omega’s neck and letting go.

“Buck...” he warns, shaken voice betraying his authority. “We are still at work.”

“We are off the clock,” Buck says again, hands sliding up Bobby’s chest to start fiddling with his buttons. Rather tellingly, Bobby doesn’t actually stop him. “Station is empty.” Top button gone. “Call’s twenty minutes out.” Next button. “So even if it’s a false alarm, that’s still another twenty minutes back.” He leans in and kisses the exposed base of Bobby’s neck that sends another shiver down his spine. Then his collar bone, while he works another button.

He lets out a breath, hot and sweet against Bobby’s skin that makes his toes curl and his cock twitch.

“Moon’s still full,” Buck hums. “Thought maybe it was our turn to get a little wild.”

This is NOT a good idea. It's a terrible idea. But, Bobby thinks, when has that ever stopped him when it came to Buck? He reaches up to grab his hair, yank him back just a little to expose his neck. Buck goes willingly, moaning at the rough way Bobby moves him around.

As he inhales he notes all his favorite scents, the sand and salt, the hint of sweat, and the quickly building tones of slick. There's a cloying sweetness to him that Bobby isn't used to but makes his mouth water, and has him licking and biting at his pulse point, sucking gently to draw it out.

With every touch, every kiss, every grind of their hips as they rut together the sweetness grows until it's all Bobby can smell, all he can think about. It's driving him to the edge of reason and his cock is so hard where it's still trapped by his jeans he hurts.

He follows it down Buck's body, opening up his shirt, licking and kissing down his chest until he's pulling the Omega's cock free. Bobby is sitting back in his chair, leaning over and taking Buck into his mouth without thought, chasing the scent, the need that's become a raging fire in his gut.

Buck cradles his head, scratches at his scalp. He fucks up into Bobby's mouth as much as he can at his current angle and tries to speak through the onslaught of Bobby's tongue and lips and everything.

"I thought..." he keens and catches his breath. "Thought I'd be doing this to you. Get you... fuck, Bobby.... get you riled up and then take you home."

Bobby stands again, yanking Buck's hips forward and spinning him around. Buck is laughing as he's bent over the desk, breathless and beautiful. "You started this," Bobby points out while he starts to drag his jeans down the perfect curve of his ass. "Unless you say otherwise, I intend to finish it."

He works his own jeans open quickly while Buck moans out a needy, "God, yes please."

And then Bobby stops.

Because he sees just how much Buck had planned ahead.

In his hand, Bobby's cock throbs, and as he gives it a quick stroke he leaks a copious amount of precome over the already sopping wet plug that's already holding Buck stretched open and waiting for him. His hole and balls are so wet they're practically glittering in the moonlight and Bobby can't stop himself from leaning over and licking a long slow stripe from his sack to the muscle that's stretched and quivering around the plug. He's so sweet, so delicious Bobby can't even process beyond how much he wants more.

"You are going to be the death of me, you know that?" He groans before just... inhaling.

Then he stands.

"Oh, but what a way to go." Buck smirks over his shoulder.

Bobby pulls the plug free without much finesse, apologizing by massaging Buck's slippery, puffy rim with his thumb.

Then he lines up, and slams home with a single snap of his hips.

Buck's shout is loud and joyous. He's shocked but it settles into a filthy moan. Even still.. it's too much. Even for an empty building. So Bobby drops forward and puts his hand over Buck's mouth, slipping his slick coated finger between those perfect lips.

"If we're doing this, there's just one rule," Bobby says, rolling his hips slowly finding just the right angle so that he's massaging Buck's most sensitive spot with the tip of his thick, hard cock.

Buck groans, whines, then grips the edge of the desk with bone white knuckles as he nods. "Anything," he agrees once Bobby's finger is gone.

"Complete silence," he insists, nipping at Buck's ear. "Not a sound or I'll stop."

That is a dirty rotten lie. Bobby is already well aware of the fact that in short order, he will be unable to stop. His knot is already growing, already stretching Buck even further than the toy ever could. In moments, the thought that's already clawing its way to the front of his mind will be the only one in his head.

To take.

Without a sound, without even a breath, Buck nods. His eyes are moist and his skin flushed deep red that looks even starker in contrast to his pale skin in the soft glow of the room. He is a vision.

And he is Bobby's.

Bobby sets one hand at the center of Buck's shoulders, the other flat against the surface of his desk, and begins to move.

There is no build up or slow going. From one moment to the next the room goes from silent and on the knife's edge of anticipation to the subtle steady thump from the smallest movement of Bobby's desk beneath his powerful thrusts. The quiet sound of their bodies slamming together is echoed by the huffs of air and soft, chest deep whines that Buck can't quite hold back on without completely holding his breath. There's an urgency to Bobby's movements, a need he's chasing he hasn't allowed himself to experience in years.

One he should never have allowed himself again.

His knot swells quickly, and he uses it to drive Buck to the edge of reason, pulling all the way free and fucking in deep over and over so that he has to force his way through, until Buck can't help the sounds that escape his chest, no matter how hard he bites down on his lip.

When Buck comes, Bobby feels him clenching around the widest part of his knot, large enough he shouldn't have been pulling free any longer, and it's all over. He comes with a low

groan and final thrust home so they're fully locked together, swelling even further with every pulse.

They kiss at a sloppy and awkward angle, still rocking together, Bobby wanting to wring another orgasm from Buck no matter what it takes. And he does, with his knot massaging the spasming walls of Buck's body and his mouth locked around his pulse point, licking, biting, sucking, he pulls another one from him, the shout of his pleasure echoing through the wide open space of Bobby's office while Bobby pulls back at just the last second, just before he break the skin.

Just before they bond.

Fuck.

"I'm sorry," he whispers against Buck's skin, already feeling the pain of the incomplete attempt. But it's so outweighed by the pleasure still curling through his body it's difficult to focus on, to ignore how he's still spilling into Buck, pulse after slowly diminishing pulse. What he can't ignore though, is what he's putting Buck through.

But Buck shakes his head. "It's okay, Bobby. I promise."

"It's not, I-"

"Bobby..." Buck stops him, unable to turn around but squeezing his muscles so tight around his cock that he may as well have slapped a hand over his mouth. "It sucks, but it's okay. I know the score here, I swear."

Bobby just breathes for a moment, then runs a hand up under Buck's shirt and along the soft skin of his side. He kisses his neck, rubs his back with a firm drag of the heel of his palm. "I don't deserve you," he says quietly as he slowly sits up.

"Yeah, well. You're stuck with me," Buck says with the cheekiest wink the man's ever seen and getting a quick slap to his ass for his trouble.

They both laugh, trying to remember to be quiet.

For a little while, Bobby can pretend that, just maybe, this is enough.

Chapter 7

Buck's life gets a little crazy for a while.

A few days after the full moon, Abby's mom passes away in the night.

Abby had very quickly become his closest friend so he spends almost every moment he's not at work by her side. Bobby even makes him some easy to heat meals to take to her during their down time at the station.

For three weeks when he's not fighting fires or saving lives, he's talking to funeral directors, moving furniture, and holding his best friend while she falls apart.

He's so laser focused on making sure she has what she needs, he almost misses his quarterly Doctor's appointment.

So he's a little on edge waiting for his doctor to finally get to the examination room and give him his birth control shot so he can get back to Abby's side.

The Phizer Omega Planning Shot (or POP shot as it is lovingly called) is the most effective on the market. Good for fifteen weeks at a time. He's been getting his every twelve since the day after he lost his virginity.

Today is the first time since he started seeing this doctor here in LA that he's had to wait so damned long.

He's days back into his instagram feed when there is finally a knock on the door.

"Evan?"

"Dr. Malhotra! Busy this morning?" He smiles as she pokes her head in, but it quickly fades when she steps through and shuts the door.

She doesn't have anything but a clipboard in her hands.

"How are you feeling?" She asks, ignoring his joke as she takes the seat opposite where he's sitting on the exam bed.

"I feel fine?" And he does. He isn't sure why he shouldn't.

She glances at her clipboard once before setting it aside completely. "Evan," she starts, folding her hands delicately in her lap. "Do you know why we have to administer these shots in office rather than allowing you to do them at home?"

"So you can run blood tests beforehand." They do it every time. A small vial of blood when he first gets there then thirty minutes later he's poked with a needle and out the door. The doctor probably explained what they were looking for when he was a teenager but all he'd

really cared about at the time was not getting knocked up. He'd been a reckless idiot, not a moron.

For a second, she looks troubled. But her easy demeanor quickly slips back into place.

And now he's really worried. Because of all the doctor's he's ever had she's the only one he's been completely open and honest with. She's the one who changed up his schedule so he would still have a heat once a year after he admitted he did - eventually - want kids. It had been the healthier option for better fertility later in life.

"In addition to some general health markers, we run a pregnancy test," she says as calm as ever.

An anvil lands in Buck's stomach.

"This birth control's mechanism means that if it were given to someone who had already conceived it could be very dangerous. For both the carrier and the fetus."

Her words are like static in his ears, white noise against the pounding of his own heartbeat.

"I don't understand - how - I mean - what uh..." Buck forces himself to swallow past the sudden lump in his throat. "It's.. It was supposed to be a miracle shot."

Dr. Malhotra nods slowly. "For unmated Omegas, yes. Efficacy drops some once bonded, but not a significant enough amount we would automatically suggest changing anything. Have you recently bonded?" She asks the question cautiously, eyes flickering to his still lightly bruised but clearly not permanently marked neck.

But the question is enough to make the first tear fall across his cheek and he shakes his head, unable to say the words out loud.

To admit to the rejection no matter how much he understands the reasoning.

"How, um..." Buck clears his throat; wipes his cheek. "How far along?"

"No more than four weeks post conception based on your hormone levels."

He almost laughs, but it comes out as a sob. "Jesus, Bobby." Buck buries his face in his hands and lets the tears flow for several heartbeats.

"I'm so sorry."

A light, gentle touch to his shoulder pulls him out of it. "Would you like us to call anyone for you? Your partner, or a friend?"

"Nah," he sniffs and swallows heavily, then smiles at her. "Can I just, have a few minutes to process and then I'll, uh, I'll get out of your hair."

"Of course, Evan. take all the time you need. I'll let my staff know I want you back here in two weeks for a full run of tests and an ultrasound."

The second the door is closed he fumbles for his phone, nearly dropping it in his current state. With shaking hands he pulls up his sister's profile and hits call.

As always, it goes straight to voicemail.

He hangs up, and tries again.

And again.

And again.

At some point he lays back on the exam table, covers his eyes, and just listens to Maddie's voice telling him to leave a message.

"Maddie," he starts, quiet and hoarse, tears flowing slowly down the side of his face. "Please talk to me, Maddie. I screwed up - again - like I always do. Only this time I think I screwed up the best thing that ever happened to me. And I can't - I don't know what - I don't know what to do. And I know you're busy and I know you're probably still mad at me but I just - I really need my big sister right now." Buck stops to breathe and it hurts. The pressure on his chest and the pins and needles in his throat and the VICE around his heart. "I need you Maddie. Please. I-" A tone indicates he's run out of time and everything just sort of... stops for a bit.

His thoughts.

His tears.

The world.

And then, slowly, as if approaching a wild animal, he moves his hand down his chest and to his still flat abdomen. He lets his fingers tug at his shirt until he can press his palm to his bare skin that suddenly feels alien and not his own.

A baby.

A life.

Growing in him. That HE is going to be responsible for.

"Wow, that's a really bad idea..." he says to the empty room. He's barely figured out how to be responsible for himself yet.

His phone buzzing brings the briefest, brightest moments of hope before he realizes it's just Abby confirming their lunch plans. He's supposed to bring dumplings over.

It's not what he wants, but it is the kick in the pants he needs to get up and face the world again.

An hour and at least three or four more tears later he's mostly put back together and setting a bag of carry-out on Abby's kitchen counter. It's easy to pretend, for a little while, that nothing

is different, that his whole life hasn't just changed irrevocably. They laugh a little, and talk about unimportant things a lot, and stuff their faces with various balls of dough and meat and veggies.

By the time they're sword fighting with chopsticks over the last red bean sticky bun, Buck is feeling almost back to normal.

And then he gets a text from Bobby.

Will you have dinner with me tonight?

Whatever comes over his face when he reads those words makes all the humor leave Abby's face as well.

"What's wrong?"

"It's just Bobby. He-" Buck chokes on his words and has to hold back tears.

"Captain America?" When Buck nods she continues. "Well, now I know something is wrong because I have never seen you do anything but light up when he's mentioned, even when you're mad at him. What did he do?"

"Nothing. It's something I did."

"Well, then what did you do?"

He'd had no plans to tell her. She's still in mourning and planning on escaping to Europe for a while. She doesn't need his worries on top of her own.

"Buck... tell me."

"I'm having a baby." He says before he can stop himself then cringes and covers his face.

"Oh. Well. I realize that you're, you know, young and all. But you do know that the two of you actually did that - together - right? Like, that's the only way this works."

Her response is so deadpan and so completely unexpected that all Buck can do is laugh. He laughs until he cries but for the first time since his doctor opened that door this morning his tears are actually cathartic. And through it all, Abby is there to hold him, an arm around his shoulder while he rests his head on hers.

"Well, this makes what I asked you over here for way easier," she says while running her fingers through his hair.

"What's that?"

"I was going to ask you to stay in my apartment while I was gone. But now you have to."

Buck raises up and wipes the last of his most recent tears from his cheek. "And why do I have to?"

“Because you can’t have a baby in that frat house you call a home.”

God, she’s got a point. Buck groans and slouches down with his legs sprawled wide and his head on the back of the couch. “What am I going to do, Abbs?” There’s so much to think about.

She twists around so she’s sitting with her feet under her on the couch facing Buck. Her smile is soft, and understanding.

“The first thing you’re going to do is tell Bobby.”

“What if he thinks I lied about birth control? Or that I tricked him?”

“Look me in the eyes and tell me Bobby Nash would ever assume that about anyone.”

Buck just shakes his head and goes quiet. He never once thought about trying to hide this from Bobby, but that doesn’t mean he’s exactly chomping at the bit to admit it, either. And despite everything he somehow still feels like this is his fault. That he’ll be dragging Bobby into something he never asked for and doesn’t want. The last thing he ever wanted to do was be the source of more pain for the man he’s falling head over heels for.

Especially with something that should bring nothing but joy.

“I’ll tell him tonight,” he says while slowly sitting up and reaching for the last red bean sticky bun again. He will. He’ll tell him yes to dinner and sit him down and beg for forgiveness, but he’ll tell him.

“Uh, what do you think you’re doing?” Abby swats at his hand and manages to snatch the bun before he gets there.

“Hey! I’m not only emotionally distressed but eating for two now!” He pouts and tries to give her his best wounded look.

“And the guilt trip and puppy dog eyes still don’t and will never work on me.” She bites into the bun and hums, eyes fluttering closed. Then she sighs, content, before leaning over and popping the other half into Buck’s mouth.

“You’re gonna be okay, Buck,” she assures him with a soft smile. “I promise.”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As children grow the people who live with them and see them every day are often the last to notice the changes. A visiting aunt or a grandmother who only comes by once a month will lovingly point out how big they've gotten. And suddenly, in their parents eyes, they truly are.

It can be the same with ourselves and our own growth. We hurt and we ache and we crumble. Slowly, piece by piece, one day at a time, we put ourselves back together. Then one day, some one comes along to point out ever so innocently how whole you look.

And you realize, just maybe, you are again.

Or at least, much more than you used to be.

Bobby's revelation comes in several pieces and he just kind of keeps getting smacked over the head with it. He's actually glad Buck isn't around as much, despite the devastating reason for his absence.

It gives Bobby space to breathe, and to come to terms.

Because even without Buck, he has a life again; a life and a team and friends he loves. They wormed their way through every single one of his defences one crack at a time. Now they're inside and he couldn't get rid of them if he wanted to.

And he absolutely doesn't want to.

When he confesses to Chim in the cold air of that locker room, his plans, his penance, he realizes the moment the words are out of his mouth it's not the whole truth.

Oh, it had still been the PLAN to go to Marcy and the kids once his book was full, list complete.

He just knows he can't go through with it.

Hasn't been able to for some time now.

"Where ya been, Cap?"

Chimney finds Bobby just as he is settling into the corner of one of the couches in the loft with a well loved book and huge mug of coffee. He's just returned from the church with Athena where they'd gotten a much needed reprieve from the horrors of the day. In the end, they'd agreed to go together sometimes, and be a friendly shoulder to lean on and pray with when they needed it.

Having someone he can have that with again is more comforting than he'd ever thought possible.

"I took a detour to St. Basil's with Sergeant Grant," he says without shame. There's even a hint of a smile on his face when he turns to look at Chim.

Chim nods his head and chews his gum for a second then smirks. "Your young Romeo not up for midday prayer time very often?"

"Yeah," Bobby shakes his head with a fond smile. "Buck's not really religious. But to be fair, I've never asked either."

"No, I get that. I bet he would be if you asked, though. Especially for you."

A literal record scratch sound echoes through Bobby's head.

His jaw drops.

Chim just keeps smacking his damn gum.

"What? You thought we didn't know?" His chest starts to shake with silent laughter while Bobby just continues to stare, worry and fear curling up into his chest about how long anyone has known, how much they know, and most importantly how they found out. "It's the biggest open secret in the whole damn station," Chim says as he takes a casual seat on the coffee table across from Bobby. "Pretty sure the only people who don't know that everyone knows is... you two."

"How?" Bobby whispers, still dumbfounded.

"Well, you smell like each other for one." When Bobby reaches up and brushes the tips of his fingers against his mandatory scent blocking patch Chim waves his hands, shaking his head. "No, no, no. Not like that. But those only block our pheromones, the chemical byproducts of our designations. Buck smells like your shampoo and body wash. Like your laundry detergent. Like the breakfast you ate some mornings."

God.

When did they get so frequently domestic that it was that easy to tell?

Sure, Buck slept there almost every night (or day) they spent together. There hadn't really ever been a point to send him home, and Bobby never wanted him to leave. Other than when Buck's jeep was in the shop, they'd only ridden into work together once. Or had it been twice?

"When did -"

"Oh, that took a little teamwork." Chimney laughs like it's just a casual joke and not the last eight months of Bobby's life being put on display. "But we are pretty sure we've narrowed it down to about two weeks after you fired him. You called in sick and he probably should have he looked so damned miserable for days. And I know things were cold between you guys for

a while but you had to eventually have worked it out, because at some point when you were around each other, you both just seemed... better. You smiled more often, laughed a little louder. It was just... the way things were by the time I got back to work.”

Had he really been so blind? The panic starts to rise in his throat, even as the understanding that he’d been simply ignoring what had been there from the very beginning tries to overcome it. Chimney seems to notice the conflict in his face. He scoots a little closer and reaches out to put a comforting hand on Bobby’s shoulder, giving him a tight squeeze.

“Cap. Bobby. I can’t even begin to imagine how what you’ve been through in your life affects what goes through your head from day to day. But I can guess why this has been so complicated for you. And I also know that you’ve given up the plans you had with completing that little notebook of yours. Am I right?”

Bobby stares him in the eyes for a minute, then, slowly, nods.

“Then if you’re going to live your life, you need to live your life Bobby.”

“It’s not that easy, Chim.”

“It is. It really is.”

“No, I mean.” Bobby sighs, and drops his head. “I have been so bad for him. To him. Screwed up and hurt him so many times. Clinging to him and dragging him along while somehow still holding him at a distance.”

“So stop.”

When Bobby pops his head up and looks at Chimney confused, he continues.

“Stop holding him at a distance. Let him in. We’ve all seen his general capacity for dealing with emotions and if he hasn’t cut and run yet, give him a chance. A real chance.” Chimney takes a deep breath before his face becomes a little more serious, a little more concerned and threatening. “Or tell the poor kid to go and don’t give in to him begging to stay. No one deserves to be strung along like that.” His words are harsher than Bobby’s ever heard from the guy, like a shovel talk from a big brother who knows there’s already several holes ready and waiting. And Bobby can’t blame him.

Without another thought, Bobby digs in his pocket for his phone and starts typing.

He knows what he needs to do.

He’s known what he’s needed to do for a while now, he’s just been too terrified to do it.

Will you have dinner with me tonight?

“Thank you, Chim.” Bobby says sincerely as soon as he hits send.

Chim nods and gives him a warm smile. “Anytime you need a kick in the ass, I’m here.”

It takes Buck almost an hour and a half to answer. The entire time Bobby waits he's aching for another call to get himself out of his head. Something small. Something simple. Like a slightly singed kitchen from burnt ham that just got too smokey and the fire alarms wouldn't shut off. Easy. Quick. But enough that he doesn't have to sit there and wait.

Unfortunately, God has a sense of humor and absolutely zero calls come in while he sits there.

On stand by..

On pins and needles and hoping that Buck will get back to him soon.

Or at all.

When his phone finally buzzes Bobby almost drops it in his haste to check the message. (Across the loft, Chimney drops his head on the table laughing.)

Absolutely. What time?

They work out the details and that evening, Bobby takes the final step in moving completely forward in his life.

He takes the notebook from its permanent home in his pocket, and throws it in the trash.

The moment it hits the bottom of the can it's as if the line has been cut on the last threads holding his anchor in place. There is wind in his sails and breath in his lungs for the first time in many, many years. The ache will always be there. The loss. But now he can pick it up and carry it with him, instead of letting it hold him in place as the tides crash around him.

He gets to his apartment and gets to work quickly, tidying up (not that there's ever much to clean) and preparing dinner. As he chops and preps and stirs and cooks he works out what he wants to say, over and over again. How to apologize. How to make this right, while still being honest with himself and with Buck.

Twice he almost cuts himself. Three times he has to go back and check the oven to make sure he turned it on. And then he forgets to set the timer. Thankfully cooking is like breathing for him and despite not knowing the exact amount of time dinner has been in the oven, he can still keep a close eye on it and know when it's done.

Even as he gets lost in his thoughts.

Which he does, repeatedly.

By the time there's a quiet knock on his door Bobby is almost jittery. He's got the table set and the lighting just right and some soft music playing in the background. Buck will probably think it's a little cheesy, but Bobby doesn't care. He knows it'll get him a smile and it will be appreciated, even if it gets joked about.

Bobby opens the door, and Buck looks... awkward.

Amazing, as always, but curled a little in on himself and shy like Bobby's never seen.

"Hey, Bobby."

There's something in his tone that worries him, that makes Bobby reach out and run a hand through his hair and cradle his head. "You okay?" He asks quietly.

Buck bites his lip, obviously starts to shake his head, then nods. "Yeah," he whispers, leaning in. "I'm good now." He leans into the touch, inhales slowly.

They both breathe in, then come together in a slow, steady kiss.

"Maybe we shouldn't keep starting this in the hallway," Buck points out while smiling against Bobby's lips.

When they step into the apartment together and Bobby shuts the door, Buck lets out a quiet, surprised gasp. "You really went all out..." he says quietly, slowly turning back to Bobby with his brows furrowed and looking worried. "What's wrong?"

It makes Bobby laugh, quietly. He slips an arm around Buck's waist and tugs him close once more and Buck all but throws his arms around him, clinging tightly like he's afraid of letting go. They sway to the music for a bit, Bobby kissing Buck's cheek and shaking his head. "Absolutely nothing is wrong, Buck." Then he thinks back to all the words he'd planned out in his head, all the 'sorry's' and poor excuses and they all leave him tongue tied and unsure.

"Well," he adds slowly, "except for the fact that I owe you a massive apology."

Buck pulls back just enough to look Bobby in the eye. "You really don't, Bobby." He has his arms wrapped around Bobby's shoulders, curled behind his neck. They're of a height, so it's nothing to close the distance between them and lose themselves in another kiss, and another, and another.

"I do," Bobby manages to mumble between kisses. "More than one. And for so much."

As they pull away again Bobby's heart clenches to find moisture pooling in Buck's eyes and a streak of tears flowing freely down one side.

"I love you, Buck. Evan..." He wipes a tear away from Buck's cheek with a gentle swipe of his thumb. "And I have been the worst kind of... everything to you for so long. And for that I am so, so sorry. You never deserved any of that. But despite it all, you stuck around. And while I don't know when - or if - I'll ever be ready to bond, and I've got so many other hangups and issues I'm still working through, I do know I love you. I also know I've been an idiot for trying to keep you away. Because when I'm with you, when I let go and just let myself be happy with you, I know peace for the first time in so long. I want to be with you. Only you. And I'd like you to be with me, for as long as you'll have me."

Apparently, something really is wrong.

This time, Buck pulls away.

“Bobby.. I’m sorry.”

The confusion is so strong there’s no room for hurt. But he tries to reach out again, to pull Buck back in and he comes oh so easily, like it’s all he’s ever needed.

“I thought this is what you wanted?”

“It is,” Buck assures him quickly. He’s clinging to Bobby now, while looking so lost... Bobby’s never seen him like this. Not even when he was begging for his job back. “You are. That hasn’t changed. But I screwed up. I promise, I didn’t do this on purpose. I... I love you too, and it’s like nothing I’ve ever felt before. You have to know that.”

“Just tell me...”

Buck takes a deep breath, cringes away again, and then says something that turns Bobby’s entire world inside out and upside down. Something that shouldn’t be possible.

Two little words.

Three small syllables.

“I’m pregnant.”

Chapter End Notes

That's the end of part one!! There will be a week ish or two of a break while I finish writing part two! Hope y'all have all enjoyed it so far!

End Notes

Part one is finished and will update every other day until it's completely posted.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!